August 21, 2019

Season 3

[This episode begins with a car being driven down a dark and lonely road in the middle of the night. Cut to inside the car. There are four people - three kids and one grown-up - hidden in the shadows. The full moon comes out from behind a cloud, showing Shane, with a look of stone cold self-loathing after his defeat in Childhood's End. His hands are bound together.]

Pepper: Do we really have to do this? I mean, this is incredibly serious.

Tristan: We've tried everything else, and he's like the oldest student Summerway has ever had.

Pepper: There's no way that he could be that—

Rebbekah: Would you two be quiet? It's not like we have a choice.

[They pass under a streetlight, showing Rebbekah's very disappointed face.]

Rebbekah: Mayor Sally said that Cute Camp was the only punishment suitable for his little stunt… if he ever wanted to return to Summerway.

Shane: Well maybe I don't WANT to return to this forsaken place.

Rebbekah: That wouldn't be much of a problem if any other town wanted you, isn't it?

[Shane just holds his silently angry expression.]

Rebbekah: Maybe this will be good for you in the end. What has all of this rebellion got you?

Shane: Why don’t you face facts, I’m never going to fit in in this world.

Tristan: Which is why you’re going to Cute Camp.

Rebbekah: So, you’re just giving up then?

Shane: I’ve given up a long time ago. You should know about that, selling my company like you did.

Rebbekah: We’re here.

[They get to a dock on the edge of Little Dipper Lake. There’s a dock with a lot of people there - kids and adults. Spotlights pour down in the area. A ferry bobs in the background. In the distance on the lake there is an island with an Alactraz-looking building that has lights on it. The adults there look very angry, as they are of Shane’s ilk. Many of the kids are theirs. Some are angry, some are disappointed, but a wide variety are scared. There are other kids there, military kids - Eagle Troopers, all carrying some kind of weapons. Shane’s kids get out of the car, Tristan and Pepper have to drag Shane along.]

Rebbekah: Room for one more?

[A girl in Eagle Trooper uniform with purple hair and a stern look steps out of the boat. This is Lexi.]

Lexi: I have room for as many who need to go.

[Shane is forced to be lined up with the others.]

Lexi: What’s his crime?

[Pepper nervously walks up to Lexi and whispers in her ears. She doesn’t flinch.]

Lexi: Kids, you are dismissed. I cannot predict when these grown-ups will leave Cute Camp, but I can assure you that when they are, they will be parents you can be proud of.

[Lexi looks at all of them.]

Lexi: Instead of the rebellious lot they are now - the toy destroyers, the failures, the spankers.

[As Lexi says this, we focus on the more frightened children. One of them nods and the kids start walking away. Lexi makes a motion and one of the Eagles gets the boat going. Then, one of the adults, Quinton, makes a break for it. Lexi barely has to make a gesture and one of the Eagles goes after him, launching his weapon. A huge glob of glowing goo shoots forth from his gun and it knocks Quinton down.]

Quinton: Argh!

[Quinton pulls himself up, but he can’t pull himself out.]

Quinton: What is this? I can’t get out of it.

Lexi: No you can’t. The more that you struggle, the more stuck that you get.

Quinton: Y-you can’t leave me like this.

Lexi: I can do whatever I want.

[Lexi looks to the rest of the adults who are looking more and more frightened. Shane still remains stern.]

Lexi: This is the last time that you will have an adult conversation while at Cute Camp, so if I were you, I’d listen.

[Lexi pauses for a bit. Quinton is still trying to get out. We see Shane calculating the situation.]

Lexi: Each of you are here because you think that you’re better than me. Because you’re “bigger”, you’re “stronger,” “smarter.”

[The camera focuses on a tall adult, Malcolm, a strong adult, Barclay, and then Shane’s snide look.]

Lexi: None of that matters when we are the ones with the toys. Those squirt guns my Eagles are carrying. Those are electrified. They will hurt. They will knock you down. If you are truly smarter than me, you will not make the mistake of thinking they will not use them as soon as they get the chance.

[Cut to Shane sitting on the boat. Two Eagles wearing special gloves pull Quinton out of the goo, and place him down on the boat, still covered in slime.]

Quinton: Ugh, I am never going to clean this stuff off.

[Two of the Eagles chuckle to each other. Lexi looks at them and then they stop. The adults are left to themselves as they get closer and closer to Dunnit Island and Cute Camp.]

Victoria: I can’t believe that just because I spanked that brat, he’s sending me here.

Malcolm: Please, you shoulda known something like that would get you a one-way ticket to Dunnit Island.

Victoria: One-way?

Malcolm: You know what they say, right? Ain’t no adult ever comes out of Cute Camp.

Victoria: They can’t keep people here forever.

Malcolm: Oh, people get out, but any trace of adulthood is gone.

Barclay: That’s a silly myth. They’ll just toy with us for a few months and let us go.

[Shane thinks of Cecelia.]

Shane: I don’t know… it seems possible. One of the greatest mistakes that adults tend to make is underestimating their opponents.

Barclay: Please, whatever they throw at us, we can handle it. We might not got their respect, but we got our self-respect.

Quinton: Speak for yourself.

Eagle #1: Now docking at Dunnit Island.

[The adults are let into a room, where the Eagles start to undo their bindings. Some of them debate whether to fight back, but it’s clear that they are out-armed. The lights turn on, revealing Lexi standing in front of a huge pile of toys.]

Lexi: It’d be cruel to deprive you of a friend. Each of you make a selection.

[Beat]

Lexi: Now.

[The adults start slowly moving towards the pile. The Eagles with squirt guns from above start aiming downwards.]

Lexi: I said NOW.

[The adults start moving and each of them pick up a toy. Shane sees each of them reaching. Shane looks around, clearly deep in thought. Quinton ends up getting several of them stuck to him. Shane looks and sees a white stuffed rabbit. He reaches out with his left hand and takes it.]

[Cut to each of them holding a stuffed animal, and Quinton being covered with them. Lexi walks up to Victoria.]

Lexi: What’s his name?

Victoria: What?

[Lexi takes out some metal clackers and uses them to make a loud, intimidating noise right in front of her face.]

Lexi: What. Is. Your. Friend’s. Name!?

Victoria: I… dunno!

[Lexi pulls Victoria down to eye level by her collar.]

Lexi: Then ask him.

[Lexi lets go, causing Victoria to step backwards. Victoria turns to her stuffed bear.]

Victoria: Um… what’s your name?

[There’s a beat as nothing happens.]

Lexi: Well? In case you’ve forgotten, kids aren’t very patient.

[Victoria looks up to the guards. Then she looks to the bear with its blue fur.]

Victoria: Blue…. Bear…. Blueberry. His name is Blueberry.

Lexi: Gimme your hand.

[Victoria gives out her hand. Lexi turns it palm side up and pours super glue to it.

Then she places Blueberry’s arm in it.]

Lexi: I can tell that you and Blueberry are going to be good friends for a very long time.

[Lexi walks up to Barclay. Barclay is holding a mouse toy with his arms folded.]

Barclay: I ain’t listenin’ to you, or any kids for that matter.

[Victoria and Quinton look on nervously.]

Lexi: Is that so?

[The guards aim their squirt guns at Barclay]

Barclay: There aren’t no way those things are electrified.

Lexi: Stupid grown-up mentality. Always needing to find out things the hard way.

[Lexi starts walking away from Barclay]

Lexi: Ready, aim, fire.

[The guards shoot Barclay, hidden behind Lexi who doesn’t even bother to turn around. Barclay shouts in agony. We see bright yellow reflected off of Shane’s glasses for a beat. Cut to Barclay who is curled up in a ball, around the stuffed animal. Lexi walks up to him and looks down.]

Lexi: Would you like another demonstration?

Barclay: N-no.

Lexi: Then tell me what your friend’s name is.

Barclay: Chester, I guess.

Lexi: That’s an odd name for a girl. What’s HER name.

Barclay: You’re messin’ with me.

Lexi: Do you want me to?

[Barclay looks up and sees the squirt guns up above, from over Lexi’s shoulder.]

Barclay: Her name is Squeakers.

[Barclay reaches out his hand.]

Lexi: Other one too.

[Cut with both of Barclay’s hands glued to Squeakers. Lexi walks to Quinton.]

Lexi: My my, isn’t someone popular.

[The other adults look on uncomfortably. Lexi is not too happy.]

Lexi: If something is funny, then laugh.

[The adults start laughing, uncomfortably.]

Lexi: Better. I'll give you some time to get to know your friends later.

[Lexi walks on past.]

Quinton: You're not gonna glue anything to me?

Lexi: You'll find that I don't need to.

[Quinton tries to pull some of them off, but the goo has kept it glued to his person. Lexi walks up to Shane.]

Shane: His name is Bingo Bunny.

Lexi: Like the cartoon?

Shane: Yes, I'm a rather big fan. It's nice to have one of my own.

[Shane holds his left hand forward.]

Lexi: I don't like smart alecs here. Give me your right hand, or I'll give you a squirt.

Shane: You’re the boss.

[Shane gives his right hand and has the bunny glued to it.]

Lexi: Something you won’t soon forget.

[Cut to Lexi leading the group of adults. Behind them are more Eagles with weapons. They pass by a lot of mirrors, and there’s the sound of ticking with no clocks. Many of the walls are in bright pastel colors, and the floor is carpeted.]

Lexi: It’d be wise to get some sleep tonight. You’ve got a big day ahead of you.

[Lexi opens the door into what appears to be a living area. However, the shot uses forced perspective. As the adults get closer, they get smaller. The furniture they pass by is twice or even three times its normal size.]

Victoria: Well… this is surreal.

Malcolm: It must be some kind of mind game.

[Shane pushes a chair with his left hand. It’s heavy.]

Shane: Maybe.

[Quinton looks to Barclay, still trying to toughen up.]

Quinton: Are you going to be okay?

Barclay: What does it look like!? I’m stuck in this Wonderland house by brats who think its fun to shock people! When I get my hands on that kid—

Malcolm: The ones she glued to your frilly pretty mouse friend?

Barclay: Don’t you mess with me, or I swear you’ll regret it.

Victoria: Guys. Maybe we should listen to her. I think that sleep of some kind… will help us be ready for anything that they throw.

Quinton: Alright, well… where are the beds?

[Shane points over to a corner. Each of them go over to childish beds that are massive for them. They know who’s each is because on the headboard of each of them are names spelled out in cutesy colorful letters.]

Shane: I guess they weren’t kidding when they called it “Cute Camp.”

Quinton: I think… I might need some help up that thing.

Shane: They’re smart…

[Cut to a security camera in the corner. We use this as a transition to the camera room. In it, we see that the adults have made it to their respective beds and are sleeping. Lexi walks inside, getting noticed by a couple of the Eagle Troopers there.]

Lexi: How long has it been since we brought them in?

Eagle Trooper #2: About 14 hours.

Lexi: Excellent. Let the sunrise.

Eagle Trooper #3: Lexi….

Lexi: Yes, soldier?

Eagle Trooper #3: You were really harsh on those grown-ups yesterday.

[Lexi looks very sympathetic towards this Eagle Scout.]

Lexi: You’re new here, aren’t you?

Eagle Trooper #3: Yeah, I just earned my black sash last week.

Lexi: You have to remember, these grown-ups are NOT Mom and Dad. They will not hesitate to hurt you if they get the chance. Do not let them get that chance.

Eagle Trooper #3: But what if—

[Lexi looks a lot more stern.]

Lexi: Do NOT let them get that chance.

Eagle Trooper #3: Alright.

Lexi: If you have any doubts, you’ll learn what they’ve done later this evening. For

now though, we need to get them ready.

[Lexi pushes down a lever, and loud blaring kids' music starts to fill the room. The adults jolt awake. Quinton even falls out of his bed and crashes onto the floor.]

Malcolm: Lucky you got a plush prison around you.

Victoria: Is it morning…?

Barclay: Would someone turn off that racket.

Lexi: {Voice over} The music will stop when each of you have gotten dressed from the wardrobe in front of your beds.

[Shane climbs over the foot rest of the bed and lands on top of the wardrobe and then he uses that to climb down. He reaches for the lock. As he does so, it beeps alive.]

Victoria: Of course it's locked with one of those stupid video games. How am I supposed to play this with one hand?

Barclay: [Sarcastically] I dunno.

[Malcolm manages to get his open.]

Malcolm: What is all of this?

[A giant television screen appears above the table, showing Lexi standing above them.]

Lexi: It’s your new wardrobe.

Malcolm: Superhero capes, clown shoes, princess dresses!? What am I supposed to do with these?

Lexi: Wear them. I’ll be down in fifteen minutes to check on your progress.

[Cut to each of the adults standing in various states of change. Victoria and Shane have actually attempted to make childish outfits. Victoria went completely ridiculous. Barclay did not change at all. Malcolm managed to pull out a tie and suit. The music dies down and Lexi enters, and she enters with someone - an adult behind her. This adult is smiling and has both a ridiculous hairstyles and outfits. She is Joanne.]

Shane: So who is this now?

Joanne: Hiya, I’m Joanne! I’m gonna be your big sister while you’re here!

Lexi: This is your future—

[The adults look horrified.]

Malcolm: No way, ain’t no way you’re turning us into that.

Lexi: Well, then you’re not leaving. Joanne’s last assignment is getting all of you to big brothers and sisters. And then she gets to leave, isn’t that right?

[Joanne jumps up and down and excitedly claps her hands.]

Joanne: Yes, yes, yes! I'll be the bestest big brotherer and sisterer in the world!

Lexi: I'm sure you will. Your little brothers and sister are going to put on a fashion show. If they don't live up to your standards, you know what to do.

[Joanne nods vigorously. She walks over to Malcolm.]

Joanne: Wow, you did NOT try. Seriously, wearing a tie around your NECK. That is so scandalous. And a suit, really? Suits are made to be plastered in jelly and that's it.

[Lexi walks up to Malcolm. Malcolm looks frightened.]

Lexi: Looks like you don't know how to dress yourself. Do you know what kind of people can't dress themselves?

[Cut to Malcolm dressed up in cutsey overalls with a red t-shirt with a train on it, very embarrassed.]

Joanne: Wow, now you really do look like a little brother! So cute, I could just eat you up!

[Joanne walks over to Barclay.]

Joanne: Is that what you wore yesterday?

Barclay: My hands are stuck on the stupid mouse, how was I supposed to take my clothes off?

[Joanne looks shocked.]

Joanne: You do NOT call your friends stupid.

Barclay: This thing isn’t my friend, it’s just a toy.

[Lexi looks towards Barclay with a silent rage.]

Lexi: It looks like we figured out who has my first appointment today.

[Joanne whispers in Barclay’s ears.]

Joanne: Oh that’s not good, she’s always her angriest first thing in the morning.

Lexi: Come on, we’re leaving now.

Barclay: I’m not going anywhere.

[Lexi slaps her clackers in Barclay’s face.]

Lexi: Are you forgetting who’s in charge here?

Barclay: N-no.

Lexi: Then come with me. This not a discussion.

[Barclay nervously walks along. Joanne walks up to Victoria.]

Joanne: Nice fashion sense! There’s one thing you’re forgetting though.

Victoria: W-what?

Joanne: Your hair is so blah and bland.

[Joanne pulls out a portable fan and uses it to whip Victoria’s hair in random directions.]

[Cut to an interrogation room, with Barclay being brought in on one side. Lexi walks up some stairs and stands up above him.]

Lexi: Good morning. Barclay, you seem to be under the impression that you don’t belong here. Do you?

Barclay: I ain’t—

[Lexi takes out her clackers again and waves them in Barclay’s face.]

Lexi: DO. YOU. BELONG. HERE? I swear, I will not hesitate to hit you with these.

Barclay: No, I don’t belong here.

[Lexi is absolutely disgusted with Barclay.]

Lexi: I recall seeing a video on the internet. One where some sick grown-up took his daughter’s laptop and smashed it. In front of her face.

[Barclay’s expression falters]

Lexi: And I recall that wasn’t the only time that this particular grown-up did that.

Barclay: I don’t care.

[Lexi gets up in Barclay’s face.]

Lexi: And you don’t think that that’s a problem?

[Barclay spits in Lexi’s face. Cut to outside of the room. We hear Barclay’s calls of agony. Cut back in, and Barclay is disheveled and covered with many red impact points where Lexi’s clackers hit him.]

Barclay: Why are you messing with me? The others—

[Lexi looks him in the face.]

Lexi: What do you care about others?

[There’s a beat. Barclay falls backwards, sitting on the floor.]

Lexi: Your daughters are afraid of you, Barclay.

[Lexi presses a button on the desk, and there is static.]

Barclay’s daughter #1: H-hello scouts, y-you need to come straight away. My daddy’s been breaking my stuff. He a-almost hit me! You gotta come and—

Barclay: Please, no more.

[Lexi looks him in the eyes.]

Lexi: What gave you the slightest clue that what you wanted mattered here?

Barclay: I…

Lexi: We’re going to listen to this call over and over and over again until it finally gets drilled into your thick head.

[Time passes. Lexi walks back and forth, and eventually Barclay starts crying. He hugs his mouse tighter]

Barclay: I-I’m so sorry.

Lexi: We’ll find out the truth of that soon enough. Get out of my office. Send Malcolm in, and get dressed properly.]

Barclay: B-but I can’t get my clothes off with this… mouse.

Lexi: Ask your big sister for help.

[Cut to Joanne smiling with a pair of scissors]

Barclay: B-but I don’t want my adult clothes destroyed.

Joanne: Then you shouldn’t have destroyed your kids’ stuff.

Barclay: But what will I wear?

[Cut to Barclay wearing a sleeveless princess dress.]

Barclay: I can’t wear this!

Joanne: Sure you can, you look great!

[Malcolm enters the room, crying.]

Joanne: Oop, I gotta take care of another brother.

[Malcolm walks forward and Joanne walks up.]

Joanne: It looks like you need a hug.

Malcolm: I don’t deserve one.

Joanne: Why not?

Malcolm: After my kid lost his job… I kept calling him worthless. I thought he was worthless. He cried every night because I was so disappointed in him.

[Joanne hugs him.]

Joanne: The first step to getting better is admitting what you did was wrong. Let your son know how much you care by getting through Cute Camp a better person than you left.

Malcolm: R-right. Shane, you’re next.

Shane: Oh goodie.

[Cut to Shane in Lexi’s office.]

Lexi: You’re playing a game with me, Shane.

Shane: I’m afraid I don’t know what you mean. I’ve been doing everything you wanted me to do.

Lexi: Yeah, and that’s what makes me so suspicious.

Shane: Is it wrong for someone to want to make amends to society?

Lexi: The grown-ups we get here don’t want to “make amends.”

Shane: I’m different, perhaps.

Lexi: No, you’re not. I’ve seen grown-ups play this game before. Just do what you’re told in hopes that old person you were will be the one booted outside.

[Lexi looks Shane directly in the eyes.]

Lexi: Let me tell you something, Shane. I've never lost a game in my life.

Shane: There's more to life than just games, dear child.

[Lexi smacks Shane in the cheek with one of the clacker balls, cracking his glasses.]

Shane: My glasses…

Lexi: They're not allowed in here anyway.

[Lexi takes them and crushes them under her foot. Shane laughs.]

Shane: So, you think that you can break me? Push me down and then build me up as the "perfect" grown-up. Let me tell you something, you're wasting your time.

[Lexi whispers in Shane's ear.]

Lexi: The only person's time who's wasted in here, is yours.

[Lexi walks away.]

Lexi: No grown-up leaves this room without being in tears, but… I don't think explaining what you did or how your kids felt is going to do that to you. No, I know what really scares you, Shane.

[Shane looks confused and annoyed.]

Lexi: You’re a frail old man who is getting older, and that’s all you’ll ever be for the rest of your life. You’re just going to get older and frailer. You’ve ruined every chance that you’ve ever had for anything because you’re just that terrible of a person.

Shane: Y-you don’t know me.

Lexi: Yes, I do. The Eagleworths have taken notice of your little stunts, Shane. In your case, my job isn’t to reform. It is to contain. You will be in Cute Camp until the day that you die.

[Shane looks distraught.]

Shane: M-my kids aren’t going to like that, not one bit. They still—

[Lexi looks Shane in the eye with an incredible amount of disappointment and silent anger.]

Shane: They… know.

Lexi: Rebekkah does. The other two will know before long.

Shane: I don’t think you know what you’re dealing with.

Lexi: I’m dealing with the grown-up who tried to take over a city twice. I’d say I’d like a challenge, but you’re not a challenge.

[Shane looks at Lexi, dumbfounded.]

Lexi: You’re a failure, Shane. And that’s all you’re gonna be from now until the end. And you get plenty of time to think about it. That’s no challenge. That’s pathetic.

[Shane falls to his knees, a single tear falls down.]

Lexi: Not exactly crying, but I’ll take what I can get. Get out of my sight.

[Shane doesn’t move. Lexi starts banging the clacker balls in his face.]

Lexi: OUT. OF. MY. SIGHT.

[Cut to Shane being dressed up twinsies with Malcolm.]

Shane: But I was dressed perfectly!

Joanne: Sorry, but Lexi’s orders. And I need to listen to her if I ever wanna get out of here.

Shane: But why do you believe that they’re going to—

[Joanne pops a pacifier in Shane’s mouth.]

Joanne: No-no, scheming is against the rules for you, Shane.

[Victoria leaves the room, crying.]

Joanne: Oh, I have duties elsewhere.

[Cut to Lexi, looking a lot looser.]

Lexi: And that’s all of them. Billy and Suzie, of all of the places you had to send Shane Anderson to me.

[Lexi leaves the room and she walks into the next one. There’s a two-way mirror that showed its way into the interrogation room. Eagle Trooper #3 is there.]

Eagle Trooper #3: She… spanked her kids… all the time.

Lexi: I told you. If you can’t handle it, hand in your sash.

Eagle Trooper #3: N-no, I think that I can do this.

Lexi: I need more than a “I think.” I need you to be absolutely certain.

Eagle Trooper #3: I… I’m sure.

[Lexi hugs the Eagle Trooper and he reciprocates.]

Lexi: Good, soldier.

[They let go.]

Eagle Trooper #3: You were so tough on them. It was awesome! I ain’t never seen a kid handle one grown-up like that, but you stood your own against five.

Lexi: It’s not like I have a choice, Jake. Maybe someday you’ll be able to do it.

Jake: I don’t think so.

Lexi: Don’t doubt yourself, soldier. Now, there is one thing you should do.

Jake: What’s that?

Lexi: Call your parents.

Jake: But I just spoke to them—

Lexi: Every night.

Jake: Is that a rule here?

Lexi: Under me, it’s a rule. When you deal with grown-ups like those who abandon their kids, hurt their kids, or break their kids’ stuff, it’s easy to forget what good grown-ups are like. When you lose sight of that, you ain’t got any reason to be here.

[Jake nods and he runs off. Lexi dials her own cellphone.]

[Cut back to the Cute Camp room.]

Lexi: {Voice over} Lunch time, Cute Campers.

Shane: Lunchtime? It’s been… at least eight hours since we woke up.

Joanne: (Laughs), that’s silly. We wake up at 8 AM and eat lunch at noon. It’s been 4 hours. Now, get up on the table.

[The adults need help getting up onto the table, and Joanne rushes in to help. Above the table, they’re able to see that a cake has been placed there.]

Quinton: Cake? I’m not eating cake for lunch.

[The television screen turns on.]

Lexi: Well, then it looks like you’re not eating at all.

Quinton: You’re not gonna let us… starve?

Lexi: Of course not. There’s food right in front of you. If you want to starve, I guess I can’t stop you.

Joanne: Ooh, ooh, tell them about the prize!

Lexi: That was supposed to be a surprise, Joanne.

Joanne: Sorry…

Lexi: Well… since everyone knows. There’s a key somewhere in the cake. That key will take you to a cookie room.

[The adults groan.]

Malcolm: Of course.

Lexi: Or a coffee room. This is the only way you will get coffee while you are here, so I’d do well and try and get that key.

Victoria: There’s… no silverware.

Joanne: Why would there be silverware?

Victoria: Then how am I supposed to eat the—

[Barclay dives in face-first.]

Joanne: See, he’s getting it!

[Shane looks at the cake.]

Shane: I… must keep my mind. They’re not going to tempt me. Coffee… would help me think… and it’s not like I can… starve myself. But… they probably put something in the cake… besides the key.

[Shane looks around, and everything seems incredibly blurry.]

Shane: This is… going to be tricky.

Joanne: Shane, are you going to eat, or do I have to feed you?

[Shane rolls his eyes and he takes a bite. Shane gags.]

Shane: Gah, my teeth are melting. How much… sugar is in this thing?

Joanne: Oh don’t worry, they’ll ramp it up the longer you stay. They like to go easy on the new guys.

[The adults look to each other, trying desperately to get the key. They swallow before they continue to speak.]

Malcolm: I… can’t eat another bite of this thing.

Quinton: Do you know how long it’s been since I’ve had coffee? I’m eating this thing until there’s nothing left.

Victoria: You’ll have to beat me to get it.

[Joanne giggles.]

Joanne: You’ll never get it if you keep talking in between bites!

[Barclay pulls out the key.]

Barclay: I… got it! Coffee for me!

Joanne: Right after dessert.

Malcolm: Dessert?

[Sprinklers turn on from up above and they start spraying down chocolate fudge everywhere. Joanne doesn’t even flinch or lose her smile and she gets sprayed.]

Quinton: Ugh… I cannot WAIT to get cleaned off.

Joanne: Don’t worry, you’ll forget boring old grown-up things like that before long.

Victoria: Are you telling me there are no showers here?

Joanne: No, not at all. You’re under one, silly. Oh… a WATER shower. That’s another super special secret reward, but if Lexi asks, you didn’t hear it from me.

Barclay: You tell me this after I cover myself in cake?

Joanne: It wouldn’t as fun if I did it before, now would it?

Quinton: Wait, aren’t water parks something kids find fun? Swimming and all of that?

Joanne: Wow, you know a lot about kids for someone who abandoned his.

[Quinton is immediately saddened by this.]

Joanne: It’s a privilege that must be earned. Like Barclay’s coffee. The rest of us, let’s go outside.

Victoria: Some… fresh air, that’ll be nice.

[Cut to all of the adults trying to get outside. Shane stumbles around because he can’t see anything without his glasses.]

Shane: Why did I spend my whole life staring at COMPUTERS!

Joanne: Do you need some help, Shane?

Shane: No, I’m fine.

[Immediately Joanne drops her happy persona and looks at Shane. She’s close enough she can see her clearly.]

Joanne: Look, Shane… I know that you’re stuck here. I wish that I could do something about that, but… I’ve come too far to give up on my prospects of getting out of here. What I can do is make your stay here as comfortable as possible.

Shane: What I need is to get out of these overalls and off of this island.

Joanne: Well, the sooner you realize you can’t, the happier you’ll be here. Now, I’m helping you outside whether you want me to or not. The only choice you have is if I

help you out on your own two feet, or I push you in the stroller.

[Cut to Shane being pushed in the stroller. The sun cascades across his face. The camera reverse shots, and we see outside. It’s a massive playground with oversized equipment. We get a birdseye view from the place. Beyond the fence is a rotating sky contraption. The sun is a huge sun lamp, and the clouds being formed are from smoke machines built into the ceiling.]

Joanne: See, I told you, that sun is in the center of the sky.

[Joanne walks up to everyone else.]

Joanne: What are you all waiting for? There are tons of toys everywhere around.

Malcolm: Come on, you can’t make us play in this oversized playground.

Joanne: Maybe you all need some encouragement. Name of the game is hide and seek, that’ll help you get a good understanding of the playground. If you find everyone, you get a point. One with the most points, gets to shower tonight.

[Cut to some time later. The sun has barely moved. The adults are all tired and sweaty.]

Barclay: H-how long have… we been doing this? It feels like… hours.

Joanne: Well, according to that sun, it’s been about one hour.

[Shane walks up.]

Shane: That’s ridiculous, I’ve been counting.

Joanne: Well, clearly you don’t know how to do that. Tell me why the sun has barely moved.

[Shane looks up. Because he is missing his glasses he isn’t able to really see through any illusions.]

Shane: It’s… got to… be some kind of trick.

Joanne: The kids here can do a lot, but I don’t think they can move the sun.

[Some time passes forward, but the sun has moved only slightly. Malcolm has fallen asleep on the ground. Joanne walks up quietly, and guides the other adults to her. She pulls out some markers.]

Joanne: Naps in Cute Camp are strictly forbidden. So… we’ve got to teach Malcolm a lesson. Everyone take a marker and just keep on going until he wakes up. Write, draw, be creative.

[Everyone takes something and they start coloring on Malcolm.]

Shane: {Internally} They’re trying to deny us sleep. I know they are. Let’s see here.

[Shane tries to write with his left hand.]

Shane: {Internally} It’s no use. Yeah, I can write with my left hand, but it’s all a blur without my glasses. That’s… why they did it.

[Malcolm jolts up.]

Malcolm: Hey, what are you all doing!?

Joanne: Punishing you for napping, silly.

[Malcolm tries to rub away the marker.]

Malcolm: It’s not coming off.

Joanne: Well, duh. It’s not supposed to.

[Cut to Lexi’s camera room. She yawns and walks inside.]

Jake: Good morning Lexi.

Lexi: Morning. How long have the grown-ups been up?

Jake: About twenty-seven hours.

Lexi: Alright, let the sun start setting. After six hours, it’ll be morning again, and then I think we can hit them with the full thirty-six.

Jake: I don’t get the point of making days longer or shorter to them.

Lexi: There’s plenty of point. Time moves slower than kids, and we need to immerse them if we want to break them down. We need to break them from all of their old

trappings.

Jake: Shane is… trying to keep track though.

Lexi: That’s fine. When one day is 30 hours and the next day is 8 and then the one after that is 17, it’s not long before you forget how long you’ve been here. And after that, it doesn’t matter. Anyway, it’s time for their show.

Jake: What show?

[Cut to each of the adults sitting in a theater playing cartoons. Each of the adults are strapped to a chair clockwork orange style, while Joanne drips water into their eyes.]

Shane: Nice try, but I can’t see it.

Joanne: Oh, the kids thought of that.

[Joanne pulls a screen really close to Shane’s face.]

Joanne: Besides, it’s Bingo Bunny, your favorite, remember? I bet you’d recognize that anywhere.

Malcolm: H-how long you leaving us here?

Joanne: Oh, just one play through of every episode.

Quinton: How many is that?

Shane: One hundred and thirty seven.

Victoria: T-this is miserable.

Joanne: Oh, I can fix that.

[Joanne reaches a knob on the side of Victoria’s chair]

Victoria: H-hey, that kinda… tickles.

[Joanne turns the knob up and Victoria starts laughing. Before too long she’s laughing like a madwoman.]

[Cut to all of the adults exiting the theater, all in various states of disheveled.]

Joanne: Congratulations, you all survived your first day in Cute Camp.

Victoria: T-that was torture.

Joanne: Well, maybe now you’re starting to understand how your kids felt when they felt the need to call the scouts on you.

[Victoria immediately shuts up. Cut to Shane in his bed, broken and beaten, and tired.]

Shane: S-stupid kids. Every single one of them.

[Joanne steps up on the bed.]

Joanne: You had a rough first day, little bro.

Shane: Get away from me, and I’m not your little bro.

Joanne: As long as Lexi’s in charge, I am.

Shane: Whatever, do what you want to me. Just like everyone else in the world.

Joanne: You had your shot to be in control. Just because you wasted it doesn’t mean you need to tear down everyone else.

[Shane sits up.]

Shane: Just because it’s your job to make us feel miserable doesn’t mean you have to do it. Do you think I don’t know what they’re doing!?

Joanne: You’re just tired.

Shane: Because I’ve been up for more than 24 hours without coffee.

Joanne: Why can’t you at least… try to let me make you feel comfortable here.

Shane: You’ve been battering us down with what we did. Why don’t you tell us all what you did.

Victoria: Yeah… what did you do?

Joanne: Well… I uh… I got… really fed up with my teacher… and so… I kinda… almost tackled her. If the other grown-ups didn’t stop me—

[Shane starts laughing.]

Shane: If I could do something like that to Kimiko.

[Joanne looks at Shane sternly.]

Joanne: There are worse things that these kids can do than Cute Camp. This is a place for grown-ups who they think can change. If they think you can’t—

Shane: Then why am I here?

Joanne: Maybe because after everything you’ve done… someone out there still wants to believe.

Shane: My kids are idiots. All kids are idiots.

Joanne: So, what does that make the guy locked up by them? Look, you’ve got a big day tomorrow. You might want to get some rest.

Shane: You mean that literally, don’t you?

Joanne: I meant what I said.

[Shane thinks for a moment.]

Shane: Could you… read me a story first.

[Joanne stops for a moment, and she smiles.]

Joanne: Why of course! I’m glad to see that you’re starting to see eye-to-eye with this whole thing.

Shane: [Slyly] Of course.

[End of part 1.]